that my first night on guard a change was made and a chain of guards stationed something more than a quarter of a mile from camps, beginning at the river above and extending in a semi-circle to the river below. What these guards were for I have never been able to conjecture, but it was so ordered, and being on third relief my time came at midnight.

I imagine most soldiers remember vividly their first experience on guard-duty; how slowly the hours dragged along, how impatient for the relief to come around, how sleepy and tired, and how the eyelids would close in spite of the many devices adopted to keep them open.

I was so impressed with the importance of this new duty that I couldn't sleep, but sat around the campfire waiting, and when the third relief was called I was escorted up the river-bottom five or six hundred yards and placed in front of an old house which looked like it had not had an occupant in 20 years.

The foundations had given away, one corner dropped to the ground, while the fence which had once inclosed it had rotted until only here and there a corner was left standing. A clearing of perhaps half an acre, which had grown up in briars and bushes, surrounded the house, and dense timber, vines and underbrush were everywhere else.

It was in this dark and desolate place that I was left alone, after receiving instructions as to my duty, and being particularly cautioned not to go to sleep, as it was "sure death" for a sentinel to be caught asleep on post.

Here I was to stand two long hours, everything as still as death at the camps, not a sound to be heard, except the gentle murmur of the river and the hooting of the big owls in the bottom, which only added to the weirdness of my surroundings. I had never been alone in the dead hours of night so far from other human beings, and think I was not more superstitious than other boys of my age, did not believe in ghosts, but as I paced my beat back and forth in front of that old house I could not help casting a glance behind me every time I passed the open door; but no ghostly sounds issued therefrom and no white-clad figures appeared. I continued to walk my beat until, overcome with fatigue and drowsiness, I ventured to sit down on a projecting rail, selecting the most uncomfortable seat I could find. But neither the discomfort of a sharp-edged rail nor my ghostly surroundings was sufficient to produce the insomnia so much desired at that time.

A CHARGE IN THE DARK.

I soon began to nod. My hand gradually loosened its grip. My gun dropping to the ground aroused me, and rubbing my eyes open I resumed my vigils. I thought surely it must be near day, and looked in the east for signs of light, but none were visible. The first relief had either overslept themselves or forgotten all about me. After another half hour had dragged along I risked a few moments' rest on the same rail, but my will-power was not strong enough to resist, and I slept again.

In the midst of a dream of "home, sweet home," I was startled by "Halt! bang! bang!" coming from the top of the hill far above me. Then, rip! rip! rip! something came tearing down, making racket enough for a regiment of cavalry; but, I quickly thought, no Yankees would be reckless enough to charge down such a hill as that, through thickets of vines and brush, when it was so dark you couldn't see a foot before your nose. It must be something worse than Yankees. On it came, straight towards the old house. Could it be the departed spirit of the former occupant?

In my excited state of mind it was easy to imagine that the woods were full of them, or it, whatever it might be, and I felt a weakness in my knees unbecoming a soldier of the Confederacy. I was wholly unprepared for an encounter with ghosts or spirits, and could not have told whether the countersign was Jeff Davis or Abe Lincoln, but determined to let the thing pass unchallenged. Just as it reached the old house it uttered two or three unearthly bleats, and after a few pitiful moans all was still. It was a yearling calf perforated with a double load of "buck and ball" from the sleeping sentinel on the hill.

After this I was very much awake, and could not have slept in a feather bed, and in due time my relief came around; but it was hard for them to convince me that I had stood only two hours. I was on picket many times afterward when the enemy was almost in a stone's throw, but never was as badly scared as my first night on guard.

Every day some new needs were suggested, and we continued making improvements on our camps, decorating the interior of tents and adding such rude articles of furniture as we could manufacture from the boxes in which we had brought our provisions, and the remnants of lumber left after laying floors, having an eye to strength and usefulness, rather than beauty and style of architecture.

The boats made regular trips, and we eagerly listened for their whistles, being sure of letters from home folks and sweethearts, as well as boxes of good things that the Commissary did not and could not furnish us.

In this way we fared sumptuously, and began to think that a soldier's life was not so bad as represented. We still believed the war would be of short duration, and felt some apprehension lest it might end before we got a chance to test our mettle. We wanted to see, at least, a little active service and participate in one battle, so the Virginia boys would not have all the glory to themselves.

THE DREAD LONG-ROLL.

Our good times were fast approaching to a close; towards the latter part of January rumors of the enemy advancing from Columbus were circulated in camp. We could not trace these reports to any authentic source, and did not believe there was a Yankee within 40 miles of us; but it gave us something to talk about, and when we were aroused at 1 o'clock in the morning by the "long-roll" we were convinced that there must be some foundation for the rumors, as the authorities certainly would not be so cruel as to disturb our slumber at such an unreasonable hour of the night.

We had a drummer from "way back." He had beat the drum for militia "musters" long before the war, but had never tried his hand on the "long-roll" except during the few weeks he had been practicing it since we had been in camps. This was the opportunity he had longed for, and the way he made the old drum rattle was a success if measured by the amount of noise he made. Whether he succeeded to his own satisfaction or not, it certainly had the effect of thoroughly waking us.

We tumbled out of our warm beds and began a hurried search for pants, shoes, accouterments, etc., which, in our fancied security, we had left scattered in disorder over the tents. It would have been amusing to an old soldier to have witnessed the scene. Bill got Tom's pants, Sam and Jim swapped shoes, and scarcely one of us was rigged out complete in his own apparel. The Captain rushed from tent to tent, poking his head in and urging us: "Hurry up, men. Don't forget your guns. Fall in; fall in!"

We fell in, and formed as straight a line as we could in the dark, and when the Colonel got us started "endways" we had nothing to do but follow him. We marched down the river a mile or so to a cornfield, when we formed our line-of-battle, the right of the regiment resting on the river bank, the left extending across the field to the hills. Whether we were to fight the land forces or gunboats, or both, we could only conjecture, and the many questions asked of the Colonel failed to elicit the desired information.

Our imaginations pictured every stump a Yankee and every dark place in the field a squad of cavalry, and while we stood in line, shivering, teeth chattering, we indulged in much abuse of the Abolitionists for waking us that time of night. We were not scared—oh no, but the change from warm beds to the cold, foggy air of the river gave us the "rigors," and when the command was given to about-face and return to camps we were very willing to postpone whipping the Yankees till daylight.

GRANT IGNORES THE 27TH ALA.

Similar frauds were practiced on us afterwards, but we soon "caught on" and came to consider night alarms as only a part of our regular drill and a nuisance besides. But it was not long before we could discern ominous clouds of smoke rising from the river below. The source of the smoke was hidden from view by a bend in the river, but evidently it proceeded from gunboats, and reports came that the enemy was landing troops on the Fort Henry side—and still Fort Heiman was only a fort in name. We had scarcely broken dirt, and not a cannon was on our side of the river. We knew not then how ill prepared we were for a battle, and our acquaintance with Gen. Grant and his ways was more limited than it was later in the war. He wouldn't wait for us to get ready, but just kept moving on, ignoring the 27th Ala. altogether, and landing troops on the opposite side of the river, probably considering our game too small to be worth his attention.

On the night of February 5, about midnight, we had another night alarm, this time not by the beating of the "long-roll," but by the soft whisper of the Captain:

"Boys, get up, quick. Leave everything except guns and cartridge-boxes. Fall in, without making a bit of noise."

We had profited by our little training previously, and had everything at hand, so it required but a short time to be in line, marching towards the river, little dreaming that we were leaving our comfortable quarters never to see them again; but such proved to be the case.

Boarding the boat which was lying at the bank, with lights all covered, and with renewed caution to keep perfect silence, we steered directly to Fort Henry. The gunboats could not be seen, on account of the darkness of the night, but having observed the smoke all the day before, we felt sure they could not be far off, and judging from our guarded movements and the silence imposed upon us, it could not be doubted that the land forces also were close by.

Once ashore we were marched out into the bottom some distance in rear of the fort, where we bivouacked, dozing away the long hours of the night propped up against trees, roosting on logs, and making all sorts of shifts to keep out of the mud.

I had not felt very well for a day or two, but supposing it was only a slight cold, paid but little attention to it. This morning, however, my face felt swollen, my eyes watery, and when daylight came every fellow I met had something to say about my "beautiful red complexion," "look like a boiled lobster," etc. Such remarks were repeated until it made me feel ill sure enough, and when the Captain saw me he ordered me to report at once to the Surgeon, who after a short examination pronounced it a well-developed case of measles. It was not a very encouraging prospect for a case of measles, but there was no better provisions for my needs and comfort than to remain with the regiment; besides, if we were to have a "scrap" that day, which all expected, I wanted to be in it.

PRECIOUS WEAPONS LOST.

From our position back in the timber we could see nothing that was going on, either at the fort or in the river, whe re the gun boats were supposed to be. We brought no rations with us, and consequently had no breakfast and a very poor showing for dinner. The morning hours passed slowly; couriers were constantly dashing in and out, but we could get no information from them more than that the country below us was "just swarming with Yankees." So we were soon to have an opportunity of testing our double-barreled guns and bowie-knive—an inspection showed that we had left our knives on the other side of the river! Not a half dozen could be found in the regiment. Some were left sticking in trees where we had practiced throwing them, others on stumps where the last beef had been carved, but the larger portion of them were probably scattered about camps and in tents.

Well, we had literally obeyed orders, anyhow, for the Captain had told us to "leave everything except guns and cartridge-boxes." Now we would have to fight it out with "buck and ball." (Our ammunition consisted of paper cartridges carrying three buckshot and a round ball weighing something near an ounce, similar to those used with the old-fashioned muskets.)

We waited expectantly for something to "turn up," but no demonstration was made by land or water until, about noon, we were startled by the discharge of heavy guns and big shells came screeching and crashing through the timber above our heads. It was a thrilling sensation—under fire for the first time, every moment expecting the land forces to swoop down on us in overwhelming numbers; for we had been led by couriers and cavalrymen to believe that there were at least "10 to one." If we could have had our way we would have preferred to tackle not more than five in the first battle, having less confidence in our prowess than the valiant orators who made the assertion that "one Southerner could whip five Yankees," etc., and who were still at home (or a large majority of them) doing the wind work for the Confederacy, and urging the boys to go to the front at once and not miss the "glorious opportunity of expelling the ruthless invaders from our sacred Southern soil."

Our little fort replied as vigorously as it was capable; the booming of its guns mingled with those of the gunboats, the crashing of shells through the timber, and the falling of limbs around and about us seemed terrific to our unaccustomed ears, though the real danger was small, as very few of the shells burst near our line, and being on lower ground than the fort, those which missed it went clean over our heads. Our appetites were completely "knocked out in the first round"; empty stomachs no longer realized the vacancy caused by the absence of both breakfast and dinner. When we were ordered to pile overcoats, load and cap our guns, with suppressed excitement we awaited the approach of the enemy; but nothing more dangerous looking than trees and lagoons appeared in the direction from which we expected them to come. The cannonading continued incessantly for something near an hour and a half, when it ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

We were immediately ordered to right-face, forward, march—up the river, which appeared a little strange, as the enemy were supposed to be in the opposite direction, and for a short while we could not comprehend what had happened; but it soon dawned on us that the fort had surrendered, and we were retreating—running from the Yankees! We who had so recently left home with visions of glory to be achieved on the field of battle—of hundreds of Yankees to be slain with our "buck and ball," and our long-bladed knives steeped in Yankee gore, actually running before we had fired a gun, or even caught a glimpse of a blue coat.

A LIVELY PROCESSION.

When it became known that we were retreating the impulse to go faster and faster seemed to strike all of us at the same time, while the dashing past of small squads of frightened cavalrymen and an occasional shot in the rear served to accelerate our speed until short-legged fellows like myself had to go in a lively trot to keep up with the procession.

We followed a dim road which led up the river, and had not gone very far when we encountered an obstacle which again placed short-legged fellows at a disadvantage—a perfect torrent of a creek, which, swollen from recent rains, was rushing down from the hills towards the river, full 60 feet wide and running like a mill-race.

Here was a predicament for a fellow who had just "broken out" with measles—a stream of cold water ahead and Yankees behind; either was bad enough, but of the two evils I took the cold bath as the lesser. The stream was so deep and the current so strong that one man alone could not stem it; so, locking together, tall and short, by fours, we plunged in.

Dennis Clark, a big six-footer, took my gun, and swinging on to his belt with one hand while I held my cartridge-box on my head with the other, he landed me safe on the other bank, though the water came to my shoulders and several times swept my feet from under me.

We felt some relief when we had placed the creek between us and our pursuers, hoping it would check, if not stop, the pursuit; indeed, the stream seemed to be rising, and a very few inches would render it impassable to infantry. We did not wait to see if the Yankees would take to the water as freely as we did, but kept moving, following the course of the river several miles, then turned across the country towards Fort Donelson. The cavalry pursued and charged upon our rear occasionally during the afternoon, but in small force, and were easily repulsed.

Night ended the pursuit, but not our troubles, for it set in cloudy and so dark we could not see the man in front of us. All night long we groped our way over hills and hollows, wading numberless creeks and branches, and finally reached Fort Donelson at daylight, exhausted and almost starved. Truly, we were in a sad plight: 36 hours without food and a 15-hour run through mud and water without a minute's rest was pretty "tough" on a lot of raw soldiers who had never seen any active service. We were getting a good deal of experience crowded into a short space of time, but not much glory.

(To be continued.)

The Youth's Companion promises to surpass itself during the coming year. Those who read it during 1899 will be introduced to the foremost novelists, explorers, naval officers, poets, and men of science in England and the United States. They will be "personally conducted," as it were, into the heart of Africa by Henry M. Stanley; into the Arctic Seas by such explorers as Peary, Greely, and Markham, and into spy-ridden Russia by Poultney Bigelow. Gen. Grant, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Robert Louis Stevenson, Gen. Fremont, and other celebrities will be presented to them through the medium of anecdotal portraits drawn by their sons, or daughters, or intimate friends. The best of all story-writers, including Stockton, Howells, Bret Harte, William Black, James Payn, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mary E. Wilkins, will entertain them, and profitable advice on the choice of a career, the care of children, and other subjects will be given by such authorities as Sir Clements Markham (President of the Royal Geographical Society), the Right Hon. James Bryce, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, and the President of the Art Students' League. Among the other contributors will be Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, The Secretary of the Navy, The Hon. Carl Schurz, Andrew Lang, The Marquis of Dufferin, and the Marquis of Lorne.

THE EARL OF MINTO.

He is now Governor-General of Canada, having succeeded the Earl of Aberdeen.

History of the 6th Iowa.

The survivors of the 6th Iowa have made arrangements with Gen. H. H. Wright to write the history of the regiment, and he has taken an office in Des Moines, and begun the work. He carried a gun in the regiment from first to last, and is well qualified for the task. When written the history will be a brilliant record. The 6th Iowa was organized at Burlington, July 18, 1861, and had such Colonels as John A. McDowell, John M. Course, and Wm. H. Clune. It began its actual fighting at Shiloh, where it lost 63 killed, and ended it at Goldsboro, N. C., where it had two killed. Altogether it had 152 killed, or 13.7 per cent. of its total enrolment of 1,102. Its total killed and wounded was 572, or more than half of its enrolment. It lost beside 14 in rebel prisons and 114 by disease. It is one of Fox's "300 fighting Regiments."

Mrs. Nagleigh—I suppose you are satisfied now that you made a mistake when you married me.

Mr. Nagleigh—I made the mistake all right, but I'm not satisfied.—Brooklyn Life.

Wife—What would you do if you had no wife to look after your mending, I'd like to know?

Husband—Do? Why, in that case I could afford to buy new clothes.—London Figaro.

CURIOUS THINGS

To Be Seen in the Museums and Other Collections at Washington.

THE KEARSARGE'S STERN-POST.

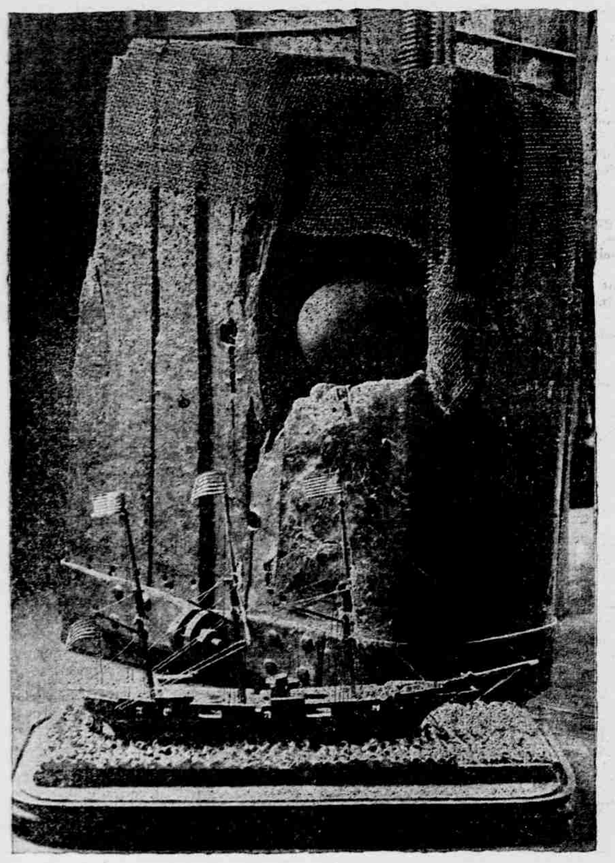
One of the most interesting places in Washington, that usually escapes the attention and interest of the daily throng of sightseers, is the museum at the Navy Yard.

There are gathered the grim relics of a thousand thrilling incidents where Old Glory braved the battle and the breeze in every sea under the sun. There are Malay kreeses, Korean matchlocks, big and little guns of all kinds taken in the "Barbary wars," a plentitude of trophies from British and French ships, and numberless relics of the fierce war of the rebellion.

But by far the most interesting relic of all is the shattered stern-post of the famous old sloop-of-war Kearsarge, with the unexploded shell still imbedded in its rent timber. Since the lamentable wreck of the Kearsarge on Roncador reef it is the only material evidence we have left of that glorious ship-to-ship duel off the coast of France, June 14, 1864, when "he men behind the guns" on the Kearsarge gave another illustration of that magnificent marksmanship that has always been the glory of the American Navy. The action was close from the first, and the Kearsarge was constantly striving to make it closer. Her crew fired but 173 shots all told, while their enemies—trained English gunners—fired more than double that number. Yet the Alabama was riddled and torn as probably never was a wooden ship before, and went to the bottom of the sea, while the Kearsarge received but 28 shots and shell, of which only three were really effective. One shell from a 68-pounder Blakely rifle burst on the quarter-deck and wounded three of the crew of the after-pivot gun, of whom one died; a 32-pound shell crushed some waterways near the forward pivot-gun. A third shell set fire to some hammock nettings, but the flames were quickly extinguished. A fourth exploded in the smokestack and tore a large, ragged hole. The fifth, received toward the end of the fight, threatened most serious consequences. It was a 100-pound rifle shell, and entered on the starboard quarter, and lodged in the stern-post. The blow shook the ship from stem to stern, but did not explode. The rebels claim that if it had, the victory would have been theirs, but this the Kearsarge people strenuously deny. They claim that they had the Alabama already virtually sinking when they received the shell, and no possible consequences of its explosion could have prevented their continuing the fight.

The Kearsarge crew drew the charge from the shell and boxed the stern-post in, in which condition it remained for months, until the ship returned to Boston and underwent general repairs. Then the section containing the shell was cut away and sent to Washington. Our illustration shows it in its present condition, with the upper part protected by a wire-netting from relic-hunters, who are only too eager to break off priceless splinters. At the foot is an exact model of the Kearsarge in her day of victory.

The National Tribune will present in a series many other very interesting curious things seen in the museums.



THE KEARSARGE'S STERN-POST.

A Soft Answer.

Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Prague—Drunk, as usual.

Mr. Prague—No, m' dear; wursh nushual.

A little over two weeks are left before we shall give away the prize Unabridged Dictionaries. See "Gift Contest," page 4.

PERSONAL.

Edward H. Reip, one of the young warriors of Co. G, 5th Md., is a member of Dushane Camp, 3, S. of V. His inheritance of war comes from his great-grandfather, H. Reip, who served in the war of 1812; his father, Comrade C. E. Reip, who was in the civil war, and other relatives. His home is at West Arlington, Md.

James S. Robbins, who has recently been appointed Postmaster at Wallace, Neb., enlisted Aug. 7, 1861, at Belvidere, Ill., in Co. G, 95th Ill., and participated in all the marches and battles of that organization until muster-out, Aug. 21, 1865. He was twice wounded. He has been a farmer and stock-raiser since the war.

The marriage of Miss Ida Sickles, the youngest daughter of Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, of New York, to Mr. Dayrell E. M. Crackanthorpe, of England, now an attache of the British Embassy at Madrid, took place Saturday, Oct. 29, in Guipuzcoa, Spain, where the bride has been residing with her maternal relatives. Miss Sickles is a very beautiful girl of brunette type and exquisitely molded figure. She came to this country almost direct from the Spanish convent in which she was educated.

Capt. Thos. G. Orwig, Battery E, 1st Pa. Art., Des Moines, Iowa, is a candidate on the Prohibition ticket for Congress from the Seventh Iowa District.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee announces positively that he will return to this country next year and run for the Senate against Senator Martin.

Capt. C. E. Adams, Past Department Commander of Nebraska, is a candidate for Congress in the Fifth District. He served in the 5th Wis. battery and made an excellent military record in the Atlanta campaign and was one of the pioneers of southern Nebraska. Besides being Cashier of the First National Bank of Superior, Neb., Capt. Adams is the business end of a large cattle firm in that part of the State, is active and energetic in public affairs, and the moving spirit in the Interstate Reunions held at Superior annually, which has grown to be one of the most successful and important soldier Reunions of the Transmississippi country. In all public enterprises he is ably seconded by his wife, Mrs. Abbie Adams, who is at present the Department President of the W.R.C. of the State. Should he be elected, he has the ability and disposition to make a model Representative in Congress.

Gen. Victor Vifquain, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3d Neb. (Bryan's regiment), is an old soldier of splendid record. After previous service in another regiment, he went into the 97th Ill. and became its Lieutenant-Colonel and Brevet Colonel and Brigadier-General by the time it was mustered out. He received a special medal for gallantry at Spanish Fort.

Maj. Geo. F. Barnes, a wealthy and much-respected citizen of Paducah, Ky., committed suicide, Nov. 4, by taking opium. He was an original Union man, and commanded "Barnes's Battalion"—afterward consolidated with the 12th Ky. Cav.—with great ability and gallantry. He was a prominent Republican leader in Western Kentucky. He left a note saying that his troubles were of a financial nature, and that he did not care to live any longer.

A little over two weeks are left before we shall give away the prize Unabridged Dictionaries. See "Gift Contest," page 4.